The Fast Fury of [redacted] 'I heard my ribs crack . . . My flesh was being ripped to shreds . . . I thought I was going to be eaten alive'

THE UNTOUCHABLES

OCT. '79 - JAN. '81

I HATE YOU

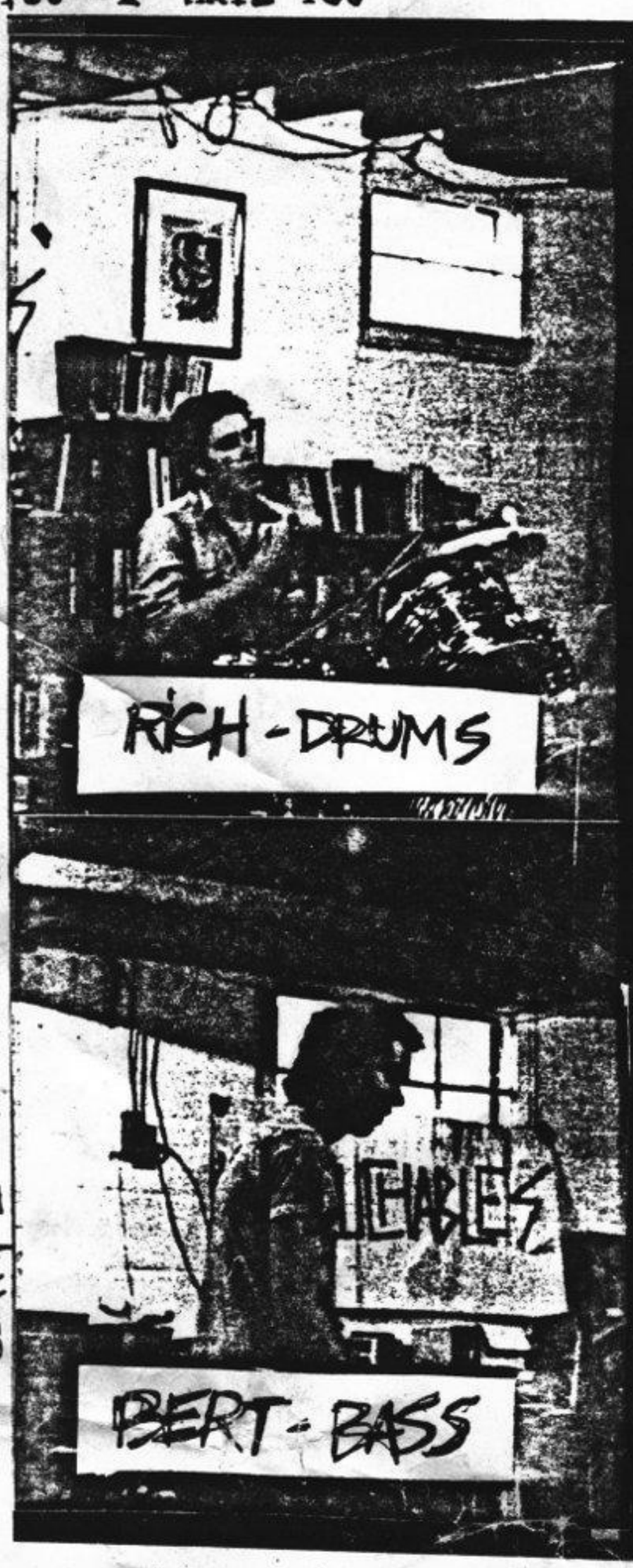
LOOKING LIKE SOMETHING THE DEVIL SPURNED
YOURE ENOUGH TO MAKE MY STOMACH TURN
YOU BECAME TRAPPED IN SOCIETY
SHOWS HOW IGNORANT YOU CAN BE

I HATE YOU - I HATE YOU
I HATE YOU - I HATE YOU

YOU WERE SO BLIND YOU DID'NT SEE
YOU HAVE TO STRUGGLE TO KEEP YOURSELF FREE
YOURE A NORMAL PERSON IN A NEUTRAL STATE
PEOPLE STILL WONDER WHY I HATE

I HATE YOU - I HATE YOU
I HATE YOU - I HATE YOU

EDDIE - GUITARS



RICH - DRUMS

ALEC - VOCALS

BERT - BASS

ALL SONGS BY THE UNTOUCHABLES, RECORDED JULY '80 AT HIT & RUN STUDIOS - ENGINEERED BY STEVE CARR.
REMIXED AT DON ZIENTARA'S INNER BAR STUDIOS

SPECIAL THANKS TO DANNY WHO DRUMMED FROM SEPT. '80 - JAN. '81

S.O.A

OCT. 80 to JULY 81

I HATE THE KIDS
PRESLAR

DISEASE
Garratt, Harrper

Im not your
STEPPING STONE PARTY
Boyce, Hart

SIMON JACOBSEN- drums

MICHAEL HAMPTON -guitar

HENRY GARFIELD- vocals

WENDEL BLOW bass

recorded dec.80, feb.81
at inner ear studios
produced by Skip Greff
engineered by Don Zientara

BY MIKE + SIMON

INFORMATION
1352 28 st. N.W.
WASH., D.C. 20007

MINOR THREAT

Nov. '80 - Sept. '81

STAND UP

Something's fucked up
Something's not right
I came to have a good time
You came to fight
But if I do fight
Nothing to fear
Cause I know
My friends are here

I don't like to fight
I don't like getting hurt
Got my guard up
State of alert

I don't look for trouble
Trouble finds me
Need my friends
In an emergency

Don't go out alone
Go with a friend
You might need him
In the end

Stand up
Stand up
Stand up
Stand up
And be counted

STAND UP (MacKaye) *12XU (Wire)*

MALCOLM RIVIERA

12XU

IAN MacKAYE-Vocals

LYLE PRESLAR-Guitar

JEFF NELSON- Drums

BRIAN BAKER-Bass

Produced by Skip Groff

Engineered by Don Zientara at Inner Ear Studios

JN

G.I.'s

G.I. info send s.a.e to
c/o DISCHORD
3819 BEECHER ST. N.W.
WASH. D.C. 20007

WOMBAT TIME

G.I. Weekend

WALL TO WALL
Cowboy Boots

"PARTY LINE"
Georgetown

You're in Legless BULL Country!

SLAM

Brian Gay-Bass
Mark Alberstadt-Drums
John Stabb-Vocals
John Barry-Guitar

HEY RONNIE

LYRICS - FIGURE THEM OUT FOR YOURSELVES!! ?? G.I. MYSTERY SONG ??

LIE, CHEAT, STEAL

LIE, CHEAT, AND STEAL

PRESIDENT TELLS US WE GOTTA CUT BACK
SAYS IF WE DON'T THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE
BUT HE'S LAUGHING BEHIND YOUR BACK
BECAUSE YOU'RE PAYING FOR HIS NEW DRAPES

LIE, CHEAT, AND STEAL
NO MATTER HOW YOU FEEL
LIE, CHEAT, AND STEAL
YOU'RE PART OF HIS DEAL
} CHORUS

SHE'S GIVING IT UP FOR POLITICS
SHE'S GIVING HEAD TO THE HIGHER-UPS
THEY ALL THINK SHE DOES IT FOR KICKS
THEN SHE WRITES A BOOK AND SAYS SHE'S CORRUPT

— CHORUS —

GOVERNMENT'S CHEATING YOU EVERYDAY
BEHIND YOUR BACK THEY STEAL YOUR PAY
IT'S A GAME I DON'T WANT TO PLAY
WE'RE ALL BUTTFUCKED BY THE U.S.A.

— CHORUS —

Recorded at Inner Ear studios July 81
Produced by Ian MacKaye

YOUTH BRIGADE

LAST WORD

You must be in a daze
You can't add 2 and 2
We're not going thru a phaze
We're serious about what we do

So tired of what we've heard
But we're gonna have the last word

So you think we're all the same
So you think we're a fucking act
To you we're just a game
But we're for real that's a fact

You don't believe we're serious
Don't believe we mean what we say
If you really think that's true
Just try getting in our way

You don't understand us
Call us every name in the book
You never think before you act
How could you know when you never look

You say that we're nothing new
So you give us a bad review
If we weren't in it from the start
How could we be playing from our hearts

Produced by
Skip Groff & YOUTH BRIGADE

Guitar-
TOM
CLINTON

Vocals-
NATHAN
STREJCEK

Drums-
DANNY
INGRAM

Bass-
BERT
QUEIROZ

MORAL ? MAJORITY ?

You wanna move the country to the right
You wanna make the country bright white
A Godless society full of moral decay
But Jerry Falwell says he knows the way

MORAL MAJORITY Right wing knights
MORAL MAJORITY Take away your rights
MORAL MAJORITY Blind as can be
MORAL MAJORITY NOT FOR ME

Ronald Reagan is quite a man.
A part of the new morality trying to ruin this land
Bailey Smith says be conservative and pure
Help destroy liberals and go to Heaven for sure

(REPEAT CHORUS)

If you wanna go to school you gotta pray
They'll tell you what to do and what to say
If it's right for them then it's right for you
Whatever made you think you had the right to choose

(REPEAT CHORUS) 2X

All tracks
Engineered by
Don Zientara at
Inner Ear Studios

Photos-
Paul Nee
Lee Anderson

WASTE OF TIME

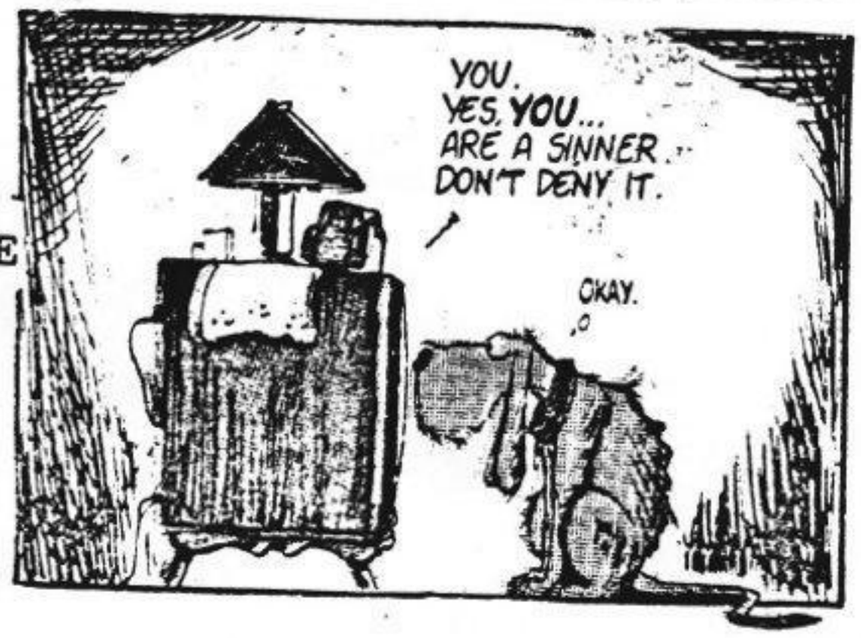
Your a waste of time
Your a waste of space
I don't need your drugs
So get'em the fuck outta my face
Say it's not your fault
Blame it on your peers
Make up any excuse
To have a few more beers

It doesn't make you funny
It doesn't make you bright
It takes more to impress me
Than puking all night

Sitting in a corner
Looking half dead
Look what's become of you
Why don't you use your head
Without getting stoned
It's hard to have fun
Another joint
Ought to get the job done

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Produced by
Lyle Preslar & YOUTH BRIGADE
Remixed by YOUTH BRIGADE

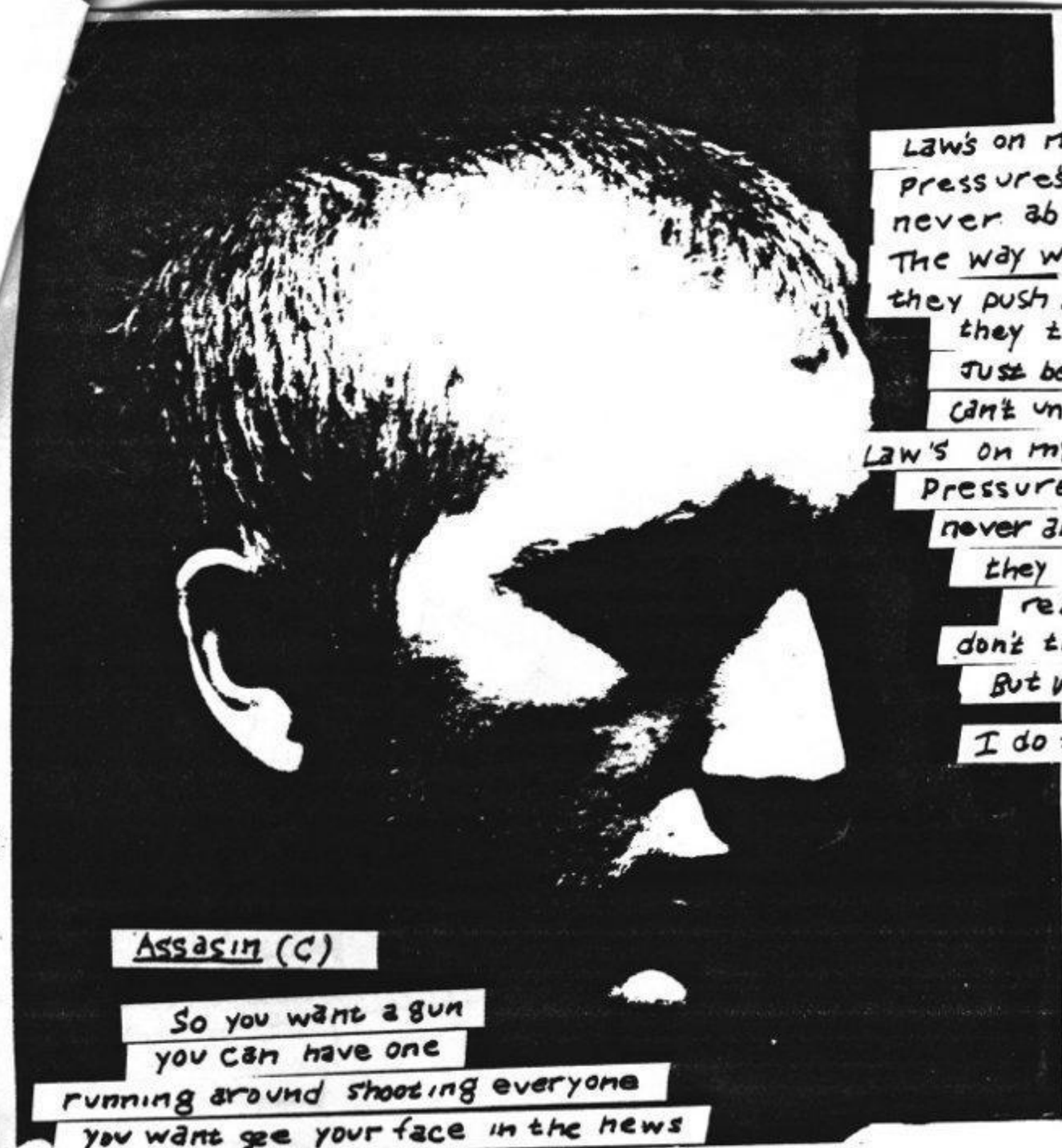


Produced by
YOUTH BRIGADE & Don Zientara

Thanks to the Ranks

NO SONG III

No song

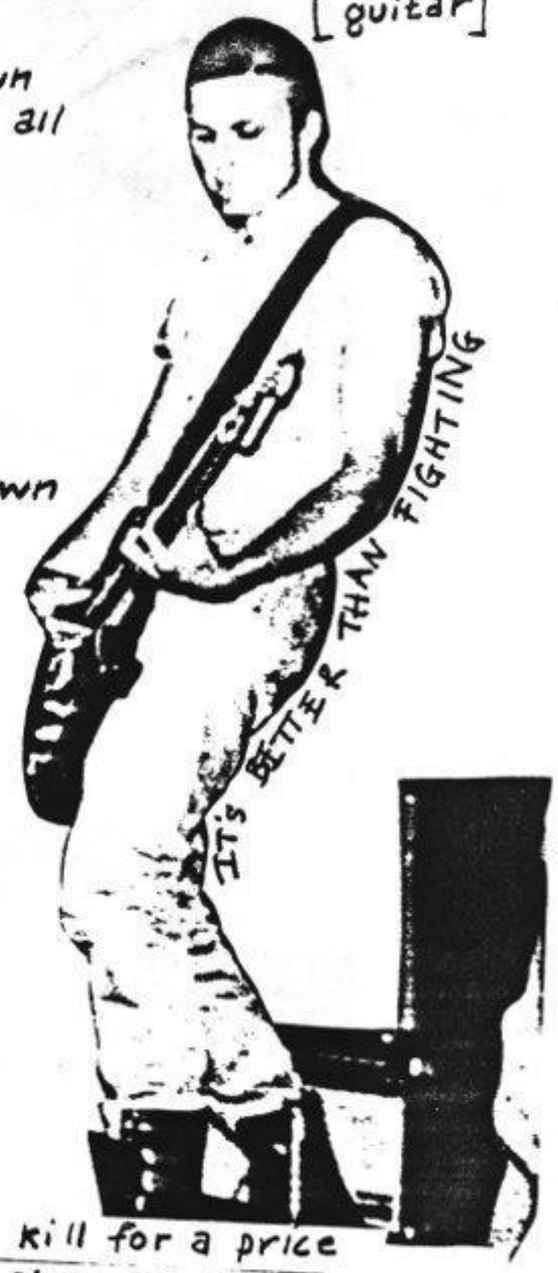


Pressure's On (C)

Law's on my back
pressure's always on
never able do things on my own
The way we dress disturbs them all
they push against the wall
they tell us our rights
Just because we fight
can't understand at all
Law's on my back
Pressure's always on
never able to do things on my own
they keep their eyes on us
ready for a bust
don't they have any trust?
But who are they to say?

I do things my own way.

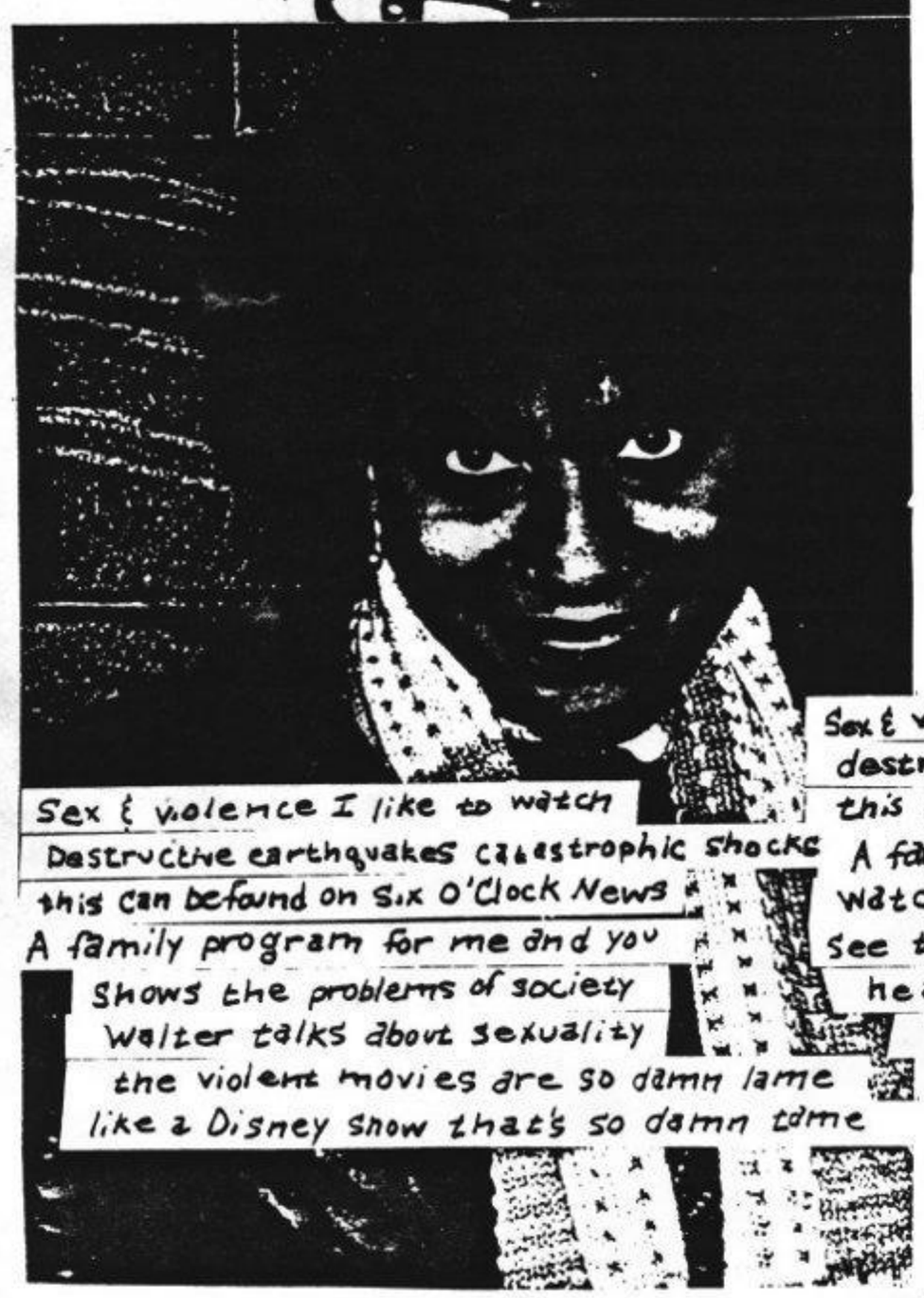
Sweet Pete Murray
[guitar]



TOMAS SQUIP RAVIOLI
[drums, farm soundz]

Assasin (C)

So you want a gun
you can have one
running around shooting everyone
you want see your face in the news
I think you're missing a couple of Screws
Assasin you want to make it big
Assasin you want pull the trig



Red C

Toni Young
[bass player]

Eric L. ⇒

kill for a price
ain't no dice
pros don't miss
you don't have to aim twice
Kill those faces in the news
I think you're missing a couple of screws
Assasin you want make it big
Assasin you want to pull the trig.

Sex & violence I like to watch
Destructive earthquakes catastrophic shocks
this can be found on Six O'Clock News
A family program for me and you
Shows the problems of society
Walter talks about sexuality
the violent movies are so damn lame
like a Disney show that's so damn tame

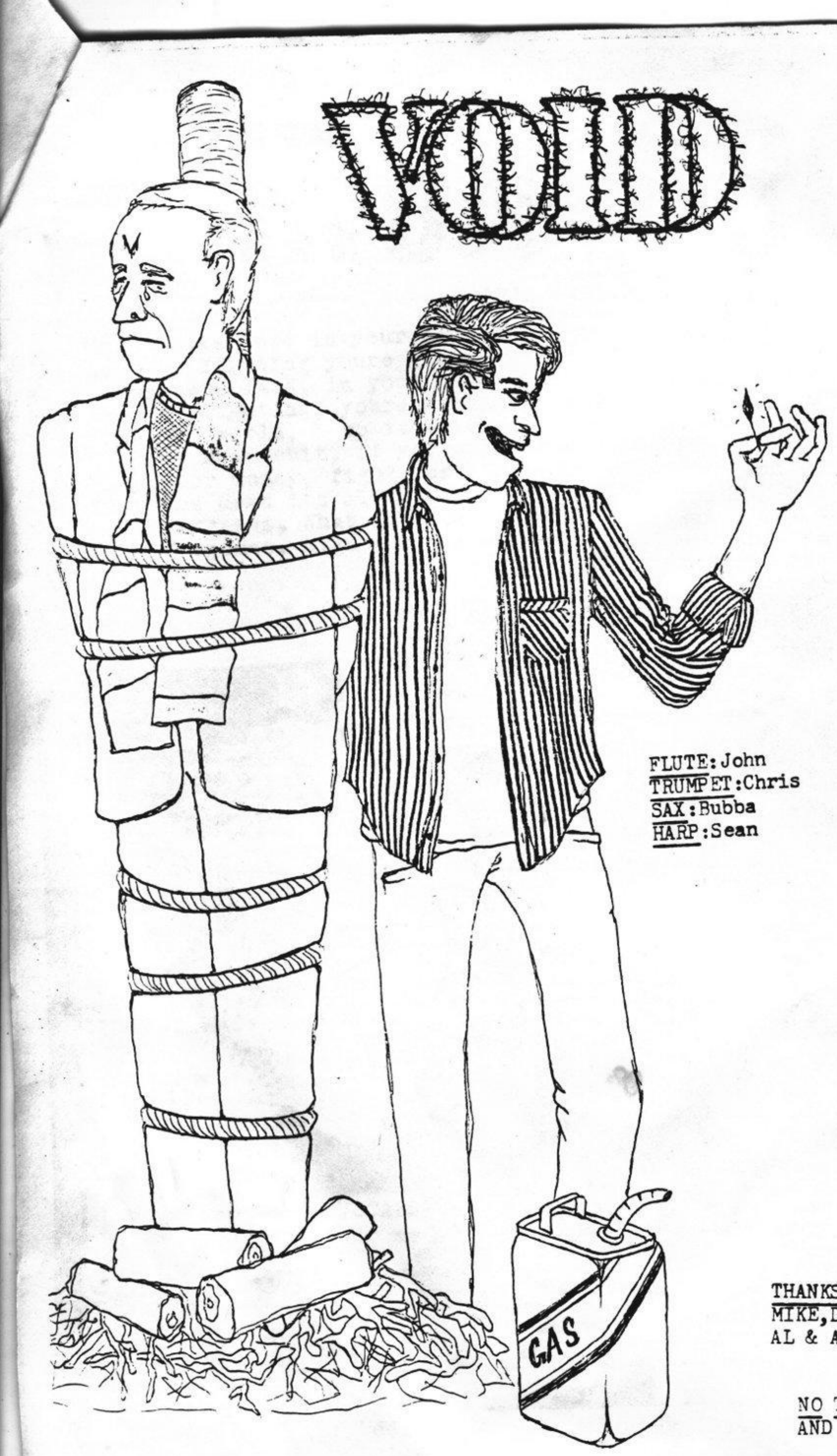
Sex & violence I like to watch
destructive earthquakes catastrophic shocks
this can be found on Six O' Clock News
A family program for me and you.
Watch the poor suffer on the tube
See the candidates make promises to you
hear about the wars fought all 'round
they talk about rape
they talk about assault
Life is nothing but a grain of salt

All songs: Red C

RECORDED: HIT & RUN STUDIOS
CHRISTMAS TIME '81

design: Manolo Laguimeo

VOID



FLUTE: John
TRUMPET: Chris
SAX: Bubba
HARP: Sean

DEHUMANIZED

I accept no conditions
I take what I want
I have no reputation
That I must maintain
I'VE BEEN DEHUMANIZED BY THE CITY
I'VE BEEN AMERICANIZED BY THE PITY
You tell me that intellect
Is not a product
Of my instrument
I think you're full of shit
CHORUS
No feelings of sorrow
No feelings of joy
I'm just a product
Of your ignorance
CHORUS

AUTHORITY

Revolution in the street
Burned body torn and beat
They are just victims of authority
NO MORE AUTHORITY
I have no respect for authority
Why should they push me
All their lust and greed
Proves their insanity
NO MORE AUTHORITY
One day I'll be old
Then I'll have authority
I wish I were young
And I would envy
NO MORE AUTHORITY

MY RULES

Everywhere I go I see their rules
They're on the streets and in the schools
Authority says one thing for sure
Life can't be without structures
I'M NOT AT THE HAND OF THEIR TOOLS
I'M GOING TO LIVE BY MY RULES
WHY SHOULD I LISTEN TO THOSE FOOLS
I'M GOING TO LIVE BY MY RULES
Iwas raised to respect their ways
Now they've got me caught in their maze
So many questions come up in me
But which one of us is the one to see
CHORUS

THANKS TO: IAN, DON, ROZZLYN RANGERS, MIKE, DAVE, MARK & D.C. AND OHIO KIDS AL & ABBIE, T.V., HENRY, J.P.F. AND J.H.S.

NO THANKS TO: COLUMBIA, STEVE CARR, AND NON-SUPPORTERS & NON-BELIEVERS

For information write to: VOID 5373 HESPERUS DR. COLUMBIA, MD. 21044 (s.a.s.e.)
Or call: (301) 730-4793

IRON CROSS

WARGAMES APRIL 1981-

Catch some lead in your head
Keep on fighting youre gonna
Catch some lead, in your head
Keep on fighting, youre gonna be dead
Save the world, Keep it free
It dont mean shit, if you aint around to see
Fight for money, fight for fame
If youre dead its all the same
Wargames, What a price to pay
Wargames, Sign your life away

NEW BREED

Everyones growing up bitter
And theres fighting on the streets
look at your world, what do I see
I wanna do it my own way
We are the new breed
And we will have our day
We are the New kids
And we wont go away
You say that were too young
But I say that youre too old
But looking at you, what do I see
I wanna try it my own way

LIVE FOR NOW

Live for now, Live for now
Dont tell me about tommorow
Live for now, Live for now
Kids today and kids tommorow

SAB GREY- VOCALS

WENDEL BLOW- BASS

MARK HAGGERTY- GUITAR

DANTÉ FERRANDO- DRUMS

IRON CROSS c/o Sab Grey 2706 N. 4th St. Arlington, Va. 22201

Recorded at C.A.B Studios Aug 26, 1981
Produced by Chris Haskett
Remixed by Sab and Ian

Special THANX to: Eddie (Choppers) Janney, Paul Hughes Jaimie, John Falls, Tesco, Marie Smithson, Ian and Jeff, Sluggo, Dennis and Keith, Al and Abbie, Al and the Boston Boys, the D.C. Skins, and everyone who has ever supported us.

PHOTOS BY TIFFANY PRUITT

ARTIFICIAL PEACE

photo: MARK WALSTON

STEVE POLCARI = VOCALS
PETER MURRAY = GUITAR
MIKE MANOS = DRUMS
ROB MOSS = BASS

Produced by IAN MacKAYE
Engineered by DON ZIENTARA

Recorded November 21, 1981
at INNER EAR STUDIOS

ARTIFICIAL PEACE INFO.
Send S.A.S.E. to:
ARTIFICIAL PEACE
9214 Cedercrest Dr.
Bethesda, MD.
20814

THANKS TO: DON, IAN, BAD BRAINS, GOVERNMENT ISSUE, AL & ABBIE, TIM YOHANNAN, D.C. & METRO AREA/COLUMBIA/NEW YORK PUNKS.

ARTIFICIAL PEACE

NATO V. the Warsaw Pact
A stalemate that no one will give in
I think it's time to face the fact
A global war that no one can win
Looking for loopholes
Avoiding all commitments
People shaking hands in trust
While holding knives at each others' backs

Artificial peace - The jokes on us
Artificial peace - There's no truth in trust
Artificial peace - In the U.N.
Artificial peace - It's just human

Neighbors fighting for no reason
Jealousy and hatred between friends
People react, but don't even think
See a guy cry help, then watch him sink
Double-crossing your allies
Leading them blind to the water
No intention of what you said
Planned from the start to put them under

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

Outside looking in, not part of the scene
Halfway in, halfway out, caught in between
The way I dress, the wat I act, can't blend with the crowd
And I can't just be myself, because that's not allowed

I'm outside, looking inside
Reject of society
And I won't kiss their ass
If they can't accept me

Dress this way, dress that way, you're doing your best
Half the world spends half their time trying to look like the rest
Grow your hair, shave your head, can't please them all
If I can't please everyone, I won't try at all

WASTELAND

I'm walking down a darkened street
Ignoring everyone I meet
Won't speak to them, they can't see me
In isolated apathy

We've got two cars and four T.V.'s
My whole life is planned out for me
I'll get a job and get a wife
In the wasteland I'll spend my life

I'm living in suburban wasteland
Steril walls close in on me
Pre-fab junkyard, suburban wasteland
I can't get out, I can't get free

I'll see my shrink three times a week
And lean on him, so I stay weak
And if I find I still can't cope
I'll tranquilize myself with dope